

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, December 3, 1803.

[No. 51.]

FOLLIES OF A NIGHT

OR

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

A SKETCH

(Concluded from page 394.)

"MISS Fitzmurry," resumed the unfortunate Annesly, "well acquainted with the errors of my conduct, positively rejected every proposal which passionate importunity could urge; and while she generously debarred herself of indulgencies, to assist with pecuniary aid, my unhappy mother, her constrained indifference to me, filled me with despair. Once, I am persuaded, she loved me; but I have lost her for ever: our distresses accumulate; and a prison will soon be the only shelter my poor mother can obtain. I have lost every hope of getting employment; and the prospect of life now seems to me but a scene of misery, which no self-approving thought encourages me to support." Lord Anglesford reproved his despondency, and assured him, that those who were willing to exert themselves need never yield to despair; thus striving to raise in his mind the energy of hope: he then enquired if he had not lately seen Miss Fitzmurry. He sighed, "No: I have heard that Ele-

nore is about to bestow her hand on her gaurdian, with the consent of the Earl." Lord Anglesford finding he was ignorant of his daughter's elopement, forbore, at that time, further to distress him. "Well, well," said he, "think no more of this matter. When you are recovered I must find you some employment: the prime of your youth must not be wasted in idleness and murmuring. I hope you are fully sensible how much your own imprudence has cost you: you shall begin the world again, and may yet find that there is much in it worth living for. I have the will and the power to serve you: mean while, your mother shall not be neglected. Give me her address." Annesly pressed his hand in silent agony, and directed him to Mrs. Nellworthy, in Charles Street, Soho. Lord Anglesford immediately repaired thither, and found the widow in the deepest distress. Active benevolence had not hitherto formed a trait in the Earl's character; but when he beheld the pallid countenance, and care-worn form, of Mrs. Nellworthy, and observed the extreme wretchedness of every surrounding object, he mentally exclaimed, "Do I enjoy affluence, existing singly for myself, while thousands of meritorious objects pine in want and misery, occasioned by the vice and folly of others? Surely heaven has punished me for my misuse of the advantages I possess by depriving me of my dearest hope. My

poor girl may at this hour feel every woe, guilt and poverty can inflict, without a friend to assist, to comfort, or to snatch her from perdition. That office belonged to a parent, who, misled by illiberal prejudice, renounced the tie of nature, because unsanctioned by custom, and unenforced by law! Yes, I feel the faults of my daughter may be placed solely to the account of my culpable neglect of a parent's duty." His mind softened by these reflections, he consoled Mrs. Nellworthy with the kindest assurances of his generous intentions towards her son, and received from her grateful joy, more pleasure than he had ever experienced in the gratification of luxurious extravagance; and left her far more at ease in his own mind, throughout the warm applause of his heart. As he was not far distant from the house of his blue dominoed incognita, he resolved to call, and seek an elucidation of his last night's adventure. Decorum required that he should ask for the lady who owned the mansion; and curiosity to see if the coachman's animadversion had been just, enforced the mandate. He was shown into an elegantly furnished apartment, the whole appearance of which, to his experienced judgment, confirmed the report. But no sooner did Lord Anglesford rise to make his salutation to the lady who entered, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell on the ground. "Beliza!" he exclaimed, in extreme agitation, "are you the mis-

tress of this house? are you the abandoned?—At that moment a beautiful girl entered, who flew to the support of her fallen friend. Heedless of Lord Anglesford, who gazed on her with a sort of constrained horror, "For mercy's sake, Sir," cried she trembling, "what have you done! Ah! her hands are cold—you have killed her." "The presence of the man she has injured, Madam," said Lord Anglesford, indignantly, "has taken this affect: would to heaven it would recal her to a sense of her infamy," "Infamy!" re-echoed the astonished girl, clasping her hands. "Oh! can I believe the horrid suggestions that dart across my mind! Have pity, Sir, and relieve me from this suspense. My apprehensions are, indeed, terrible." Lord Anglesford grasped her beautiful white hand with convulsive agony; his cheek was pale, his lip quivering. "Are you, tell me," he cried vehemently, "are you related to that woman!" "I am not," returned she energetically; "nor implicated in her guilt, whatever it may be." "I thank you, Madam," replied his Lordship, more composed, "assist the servants to convey her to her chamber. I beg pardon for alarming you, and entreat some further conversation. Your friend revives; you may spare her the sight of me: I will here wait your return." The young lady complied with his request, and soon returned to him. "And now, Madam," said his Lordship, "if you will indulge me, by explaining the nature of your connection with Mrs. — I will, in turn, be equally candid with you." "Sir," returned the young lady, "I am an unfortunate orphan, I have neither parent or friend, but her whom you accuse as infamous. The only protector I had would have betrayed me but for your interposition. I was consigned to his care by a respected parent; as soon as my age admitted, he professed a warm attachment for me, which the disparity of our years would have prevented my returning; but, exclusive of that my heart had already conceived a fatal partiality for another. Under the specious pretext that regard for my reputation instigated him, he removed me from his house to this; he redoubled his kindness to me; and seemed to endeavor, by every possible indulgence, to remove the disgust I began to feel towards him. Having never been at a masquerade, I was much pleased with his proposal of taking me to one; little

suspecting the nefarious scheme he had in contemplation. Oh! in that night I should have been sacrificed, but for my fortunate mistake of your person. Having rendered me that essential service, do not, Sir, now desert the unfortunate girl before you. Surely my father, Lord Anglesford, when he knows my situation, will afford me his protection." The Earl, clasping his arms round her enraptured, "He will! he will! my Ellinore," he fondly exclaimed. "Even now you are folded to the throbbing heart of your father." "My father!" cried Ellinore, falling at his feet. "Oh, joyful hour! But, my Lord, have I a mother?" She hid her face on his knee and wept. Lord Anglesford started on his feet; shame and indignation flushed his cheek. "Ellinore, we must leave this house; you must go home with me. Accursed!—But hold;" and a sudden thought occurred to him. "By what name are you known here?" "By that of Byngley, my Lord," said Ellinore. "My guardian represented me as his relation." "Villain!" muttered Lord Anglesford. "But, thank Heaven, Beliza is not the abandoned wretch I thought her!" Ellinore would have bade her farewell; but this his Lordship sternly forbade; and a coach was immediately procured for them. "Ellinore," said Lord Anglesford, after a thoughtful interval, "have you seen Annesley lately?" She blushed. "Indeed, my Lord, I have not: I have never been out without my guardian, who has totally excluded me from all connections with the family: for though I believe I have succeeded in obliterating the transient impression, I feel much for his mother's unmerited sufferings." "Believe, Ellinore! be sincere; you will not find me harsh or unjust." He then related to her his interview with Annesley, and all the attendant circumstances; and assured her, that if the young man persevered in his laudable intentions, he would not object to the union. By this time they arrived at the hotel, where Du Fang received the acknowledged child of his Lord with the most profound respect. Annesley was too much rejoiced to be coherent; and Lord Anglesford condescended to advise with him concerning his conduct towards Byngley. "My Lord," said Annesley, warmly, "if I might be permitted to avenge your daughter's insult, my heart will second the enterprise of my arm. My life has been preserved by

you; to whom then but you, and yours, can it be dedicated? Your Lordship cannot fight with a domestic." Lord Anglesford paused: he knew that Annesley was beloved by Ellinore, and to her the consequence of a duel must be dreadful. "No," said he, "it must not be. I will write to him myself, Annesley;" and in a few hours his Lordship wrote, and dispatched the following notes; the first of which was copied by Annesley.

"MR. BYNGLEY is desired by the Earl of Anglesford to give in his accounts within the space of ten days from the date hereof; who also advises Mr. B—to quit the metropolis as quick as possible, if he would avoid the chastisement due to his villainy, while yet in his power. His Lordship's attorney had orders to receive MR. BYNGLEY's resignation.

J. ANNESLEY."

"To Mr. T. Byngley."

"UNHAPPY WOMAN,

"I address you for the last time, to apprise you of the dreadful brink of perdition on which you lately stood. Tremble, Beliza, when you read, that the girl I have just removed from your house was your own daughter. Heaven has in mercy spared you the horrid crime of her ruin. Oh! if your heart is not yet totally callous, let this be a warning to you; return to a life of comparative virtue; necessity shall not urge you to infamy: independence, nay, affluence, shall be yours, if you will save me from the dreadful pang of thinking myself accessory to your guilt. I seduced you first from honor. Oh! Beliza, let me expiate that crime by leading you back to peace and virtue. The follies of my youth now appear contemptible, for now I feel I am a father. Retire to some spot where no tongue shall reproach, no finger of scorn point at you. Remember that you are a mother, and let that reflection strengthen your prudent resolves; then shall you find me your sincere friend.

ANGLESFORD."

Owing to the tender attentions of his mother and Ellinore, Annesley soon recovered, and gratefully received from the Earl the office of steward, which Byngley precipitately resigned; and fled to the continent, impoverished and degraded; for, lulled in imaginary security, he had hitherto neglected to en-

rich himself by plundering his patron. In the course of a few days the following note was delivered to the Earl while at breakfast.

"MY LORD,

"Deeply sensible as I am of my past guilt, a mere abject confession would make poor atonement. That I have offended against every moral and sacred tie, I am convinced; where, then, can I fly to avoid the whispers of calumny, the finger of scorn?—No where! When I lay my head on my pillow, my ears ring with the sound—'You would have sacrificed an innocent girl to the pollution of a villain.—That girl was your daughter.'—Horrible suggestion!—When I meet the virtuous eye of a good parent, mine must seek the earth in shame enough! Life on these terms would be a curse:—I cannot live. My Lord, you have saved your child; for no more dare I call her mine. You have been a libertine: think on my fate, and guard her carefully; guard her youthful years. I mean not to reproach you; for vice must have gained ground in my mind very early, or I should not have become so completely abandoned. I cannot write; the pangs of death come over me. Start not, my Lord—I have taken poison; even now I feel its effects.—I am lost: No power can now save.—Oh, my burning head!—Is this but the beginning of my punishment?—Lord Anglesford, teach Elinore, your child, to forget her wretched—but, Oh, not curse her guilty—mother,

BELIZA."

The letter fell from the hand of Lord Anglesford: he turned pale as ashes. "Elinore," said he, when he found articulation, "read this letter. We must go, my child, and soothe the last moments of a wretched criminal." Elinore needed no further urging, and attended him directly; but they arrived too late to afford any assistance. Beliza was in her last agonies: she extended her convulsed hand to Lord Anglesford, but shrunk from the embrace of Elinore, who wept pity and forgiveness. A few hours terminated her sufferings, but those few witnessed her sincere repentance, she expired with a prayer for mercy on her lips. Lord Anglesford was deeply affected; the shock settled on his spirits, and he hastened from town. The good conduct of Annesley endeared him so much to the Earl, that he soon

procured him a lucrative and honorable post under government; and Mrs Nellworthy came, by his invitation, to the castle, to assist Elinore in the regulation of the household. Had not the early errors of Lord Anglesford occasioned him many severe pangs, he might have felt happiness, in witnessing the virtues and happiness of his child, whose hand he soon after bestowed on Annesley; and at his death bequeathed him his whole fortune, with this injunction; use it moderate and benevolently, my son. Shun the allurements of dissipation; and teach your children the necessity of habitual industry, regular economy, and strict piety as the means of preserving them in peace and virtue."

[Concluded from last week]

THREE LETTERS,

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON THE PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

LETTER III.

THERE are two or three general rules I would have you observe:

First, reckon with yourself how much time such or such a thing may take; then how much such another thing, and so on, and divide and distribute your time accordingly.

But then in the next, or rather in the first place, you ought to make a sort of calculation or reckoning of how many things you have to do; as, for example, to-day, or to-morrow, and forecast in your mind in what order you will do them.

Then consider what time is most proper for the one and what for the other, what in the morning, what in the afternoon, &c.

By all means consider what is most necessary, what is most valuable, what deserves most time. Common sense, and the universal consent of the world, allow these to be most minded; so that if you have time, the greatest portion of that, as well as of care, pains, application, and study, are to be laid out on things that deserve it best, or that we are most interested in, or what must be necessarily done; and if, in spite of

all our endeavors, we have not time enough, and are hurried, we ought always to prefer what is most necessary and valuable.

Some people when hurried, either unavoidably or through their own fault, will leave nothing undone, but do a little of every thing, and so slubber their affairs, that nothing is done to the purpose; whereas it would have been much better, in that hurry, to have left the less necessary things absolutely untouched till another occasion.

The purchase of time will put us out of the necessity of being hurried; being in good health and spirits will double time, and keep us from being languid; forecasting the particulars will keep us from an uncertainty and irresolution of what we are to do.

The due distribution of time, and choosing of the most proper seasons, is necessary to doing things well and effectually.

The preference of things, or studies, that are most necessary, valuable, or profitable, will always make our business and study most advantageous to us.

To this I shall add, that, in things indifferent, we ought to consult our bent and humor; if it is not inclined to what is trifling, or worse, to what our genius is fittest for. We shall assuredly learn much more, and more to the purpose, when we apply to what we have a turn for, than to what is against the grain.

I would fain give you a true idea of the importance of the few rules or directions which I have offered you.

Consider, then, that our time is limited, we have but a certain portion of time to live, and even that of the longest liver is but very short. How great a part of it is taken up in eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, company, avocations, interruptions, and many other functions of life that are necessary and indispensable, or at least unavoidable. Add to these, indisposition, sickness, the decays of old age, and the cares of life, which grow upon us daily.

But if we were to live ever so long, pray consider that our understandings and memories are limited, and are very

THE VISITOR,

short and imperfect; even those persons whose memories are strongest and most tenacious, can retain but very few things in comparison with what they see, hear, read and observe. Many things slide out of our memories, some sooner, others later, and many make no impression at all.

In like manner our understandings are limited; some can comprehend more, others less; but the highest pitch that human understanding can fly to is but very low. There are, moreover, thousands of things that, if we should rack our understandings ever so much, we can never attain to the knowledge and comprehension of; they lie without the sphere and province of our conception, or, as Mr. Locke expresses it—"beyond the length of our tether."

Philosophers say, there are certain cells in the brain, some of which are the seats of our reason or understandings, and others of our memory. Some are more capacious than others; others not so capacious, but hold what they receive better: however, there is but a limited number, and when full they can hold no more; or, at least, new ideas, when they take place, jostle out the old ones.

If time were to endure forever, or very long, we need not be so solicitous of husbanding it well; or, short as it is, if our understandings and memories were infinite, or at least of a vast compass, we could do a great deal in a small space. But as the wise author of our being has disposed things otherwise, ought we not to obey the limit he has prescribed us?

To divide and distribute our time aright, should we not endeavor to be in a disposition of mind and body, to be able to take time when time is, and to choose fit and proper periods for acting, and when we are disposed and capable of using time?

Ought we not to prefer what is proper, useful, worthy, and necessary, to that which is less so?—much more to trifles (unless for diversion or recreation); and most of all to what is bad, hurtful or vicious?

If you, or I, or any one else, waste time in reading useless books, or in some impertinent thing or frivolous

employ, the idle ideas we lay up, jostle or keep out as many good and wholesome ones: if they slide away, and leave room for better, which is the best that can befall us in such a case, we have at least lost so much time; but if they fix on our memory and understanding, then indeed our state is doubly miserable. I still except necessary recreations, and the particular trades or business wherein we are brought up, and by which we must get a livelihood, many whereof are in themselves trifling enough; but then they are necessary, as being the means of subsistence.

Now if the proper times and particular seasons of application, and when we are fit and capable to apply, are to be watched and taken, how much more is the time of life, in general, which is fittest for us, and to which we are best suited, to be well and diligently applied? I mean the time of our youth, when the journey of life is before us, when we have most leisure; before we are engaged in the cares and concerns of the world we are to struggle through; when our minds are most pliable, and when we receive the deepest and most lasting impressions; when we have a certain facility both of taking up things and retaining them. On all accounts therefore, youth is the most proper season to lay in a fund for carrying us through the world with comfort, and joy, and innocence and credit. How many wretches do we see of both sexes, who, for want of this precaution and provision, lead miserable and disgraceful lives, and come to an untimely and shameful end!

There is one thing in regard to the narrowness of our understanding, which give me leave to mention to you.

Some things are hard, and require much attention to be comprehended aright. If these things are necessary, or worth our while, the difficulty ought not to frighten us; but if they are otherwise, we should not trouble our heads about them.—Some have a genius for one thing, some for another; and it is wonderful to observe how ready and able some people are to learn some things, and how hard it is to make them comprehend others which one would think much easier.

Besides the few general rules, which every body should observe, as much as

their health and disposition of mind and business will allow them, there are some particular things, which, if observed, will in my opinion, tend much to our bestowing time to purpose.

But there is one of these general rules which I must again recommend as a certain knack or nostrum to make time pass easily and profitably, and that is what I call forecasting what we have to do, or what we design to read or study; for instance, in the evening what we are to do next day; or in the morning, what we are to do all day, or for two or three days to come.

There are many excellent effects follow on this method:

First, we find hereby when we shall have a void space of time; we can therefore fill it up with something that would oppress us afterwards; or we can beforehand, if we have no business that will hurry us after, contrive something to do or read, or some diversion, that would encroach too much on business at another time; or contrive our visits so as not to encroach on business at all.

It would also give us a view of all we had to do, at once; so that we should not only proportion our time aright, but even choose the fittest time for every branch of our business and diversion.

We should, moreover, not be at a loss or doubt what to do first, or whether to do such a thing or not. I have often felt, that, when I was surprised with an idle space of time, for want of having forecasted what I was to do, I continued in doubt and irresolution, and in a sauntering disposition, and had as much to seek as when I happened to be surprised with a hurry of business, not knowing where or how to begin.—This is the reason that so many people are longer in beginning and falling to action, than others are in completing it. Many people have I seen come to a friend's house in order to spend an afternoon, but presently, perhaps, they remembered they had something to do, then away they would go; then, perhaps, change their minds and come back again. I have seen people go in and out of a coffee-house three or four times in half an hour; or go, perhaps along half a street, then turn short, and go another way, or turn back. All this comes from not forecasting what

they have to do, and not having resolved to do what they have suddenly taken into their heads.

I have been in company where I have seen gentlemen that were for going into the Park; then for Vauxhall, and not the Park; then for neither, but the Play-house; then not for that, but for the tavern; yet at last went to none of them.—My God! how uneasy are these people to themselves, and often to others!—All proceeds, I say, from not forecasting things beforehand, and want of resolution to execute what they intend.

THE WORD "GOT".

Addressed to the Editor of the MONTHLY MIRROR

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are many objects of criticism, which when all other methods fail, ridicule will be found alone able to succeed in reforming.

"Ridiculum acri,
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."

What an useless word, (in its common acceptation) is that which is the subject of this letter; yet what is so common? I have endeavored to expose the absurd use and application of it, in a sportive and harmless manner: how far I have succeeded, I leave you to determine either by the insertion or omission of this, in your elegant miscellany. I am Mr. Editor.

Your constant reader, and it is needless to say admirer.

I introduce two persons talking, who had been before discoursing on the subject.

A. Where is the use of this word, my good friend?

B. Where is the harm in it pray Sir?

A. Why, 'tis certainly inelegant; because superfluous.

B. Psha! trifling:—your objections are frivolous!

A. Well, I will maintain my assertion, that the word, though there is none more commonly used, in its general acceptation, totally useless.

B. O, you are hypercritical! I hate

to discuss a subject with you, you have "got" such a fastidious way.

A. Ha! Ha! Ha! I have got it have I! where could I get it. Believe me, you have got an unnecessary word, would not the sense have been as perfect, if you had said, you have such a fastidious way?

B. Upon my honor you grow absolutely disgusting; I request we may drop the subject; your reasoning is tedious; I have got too much of it.

A. Well, I declare I pity you, You have such a trick of using this word, that you cannot utter a sentence without its occurring once or twice. Well, (sneeringly) if you have got so much breath to spare, I'm content; 'tis your loss, not mine.

B. Dam'ne! you're insufferable; this abominable way of criticising that you have got, puts me out of all patience. Sir I have got nothing more to say to you.

A. Come now, don't quarrel, I beg.

B. 'Tis your own fault. I'm sure I don't wish to quarrel. But I don't like to be continually interrupted by your foolish remarks. We had better drop the subject.

A. But are you convinced of the truth of my argument?

B. I must confess, I am, but I've got a trick of using the word, and can't help doing so.

A. Well, I'm glad you acknowledge its absurdity, for I'm sure its very glaring: and tho' you may not be able to leave off the word, I hope others may be more fortunate.

BRUTUS.

SPECIMEN OF FINE WRITING.

[The following letter was written by an usher of a school, as a model for a young gentleman to inform his parents that he should be home at the Christmas vacation.]

"IT is impossible to verbally declare the sublimity of satisfaction which I experience in the fond anticipation of passing that period of temporal abstraction from scholastic attention, ordinarily cognomenated the vacation; or, as marking the diurnal sanctimonious employment usually directed, emphatically appallated holydays: therefore, in simple and humble dictates I inform you, that the recess is fixed for the 23d

of the present duodecimal division of the annual solar revolution. Then shall I hope to experience all those domiciliary delectations usually attendant on that periodical festivity conjugated with the hilarities of those with whom I am fraternally connected. Then those viands vaporially affecting our olfactory organs with their salubrious edulvia, and our stomachs with their invigorating influence, will be abundantly devoured, whether consisting of torrefacted or bulliated quadrupedal carnosus substances, the more delicate fibres of the volant aerial inhabitants, or the submarine piscatory residents—concluding with those heterogeneous compositions called puddings, aided by the exhilarating effects of vinous libations!"

FOR THE VISITOR.

Enigmatical list of Young Ladies residing in this city.

1. An American patriot, the first letter of the Alphabet, a christian name, the name of a great city, a foolish fellow, and a term for majestically.

2. A term for a mansion house, a term for recant, a negative and a despotic ruler.

3. An apostate, to dismay, and the head of the Romish church.

4. An element, a sluggard, a French monarch, a game at cards, a foreign country, and a term for a pupil.

5. To examine, the name of a small fish, an exclamation, a term for a parent, the first month in the Jewish year, and a Spanish dance.

6. Part of a musket, intemperance, an American grain, a Scotch church, an expulsion, and a vagabond.

J. W.

A solution is requested.

A dancing-master advertises, "To teach young gentlemen soldiers the art of walking to quick time, with the addition of rendering them capable, in 1 lesson, if ever so inactive, to make good their retreat."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 3, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk the deaths of 25 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Worms 1—small pox 2—pneumonia 2—fits 1—hydrophalus internus 1—typhus fever 1—consumption 8—dropsy in the head 1—hives 1—decline 1—drowned 1—scarlet fever 1—disorders not mentioned 4.

Of this number 14 were adults and 11 children.

Walpole, (N. H.) Nov. 8.

On Tuesday evening, the night of the 25th Oct. Mr. Seth Walker, of Langdon N. H. went alone to a certain well in his lot to fill some barrels with water. After having been absent longer than was expected, his son went out to know the reason of his not returning; when he came there to his great astonishment he found him in the well, dead. The first that he discovered of him was his feet sticking out of the mouth of the well. The well was but about five feet deep, and the water but about a foot and a half. After making several struggles to pull him out of the well, but could not, he ran for assistance, which immediately came; and the body was taken out of the well and conveyed to the house. His pail was found in the well; and it is supposed that he lost his pail in the well, and not being able to get it out with the hook, which he had to draw the water, it is supposed that he got down in order to reach it with his hand, and unfortunately slipped into the well. A coroner was sent for, and a jury set upon the body on Wednesday; and after carefully examining the body, and the well from whence it was taken they brought in a verdict, that it was their opinion, that Mr Walker came to his death by accidentally falling into the well.

Another melancholy accident happened at Newmarket, on Saturday 29th ult. In running a match race, one of the riders, named Abraham Bright, had his brains dashed out by running foul of a tree, not more than five yards from the spot where David Ros's neck was broke on the 12th of the same month. *Winchester Gaz.*

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

The Glory of Columbia, Dunlap, and Lock and key, P. Hoare.

This very popular play was represented this evening with material alterations in the cast, which, upon the whole, would have been an improvement had the parts been duly studied.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

John Bull, Colman, 3d time, and All the world's a Stage, Jackman.

John Bull gains every night upon the affections of our citizens, and bids fair to make a permanent settlement on our shores. We have seldom witnessed a play so well performed as the comedy of this evening. None but the microscopic eye of the habitual fault-searcher would have noted a blemish; no mind but one perverted by habitual self-flattery, could have treasured the speck in its memory, when found—But who would know the critic's sagacity unless he pointed out a fault? If nothing else occurs, an accident, the breaking or not breaking a plate or a bottle, serves as food for criticism, and is gravely ushered to the public as a proof of critical acumen. The critic did not visit the theatre in vain—he has found a fault! We hope that we possess, and shall ever preserve a disposition to be pleased; and that we shall continue to consider the cause of taste and literature as being served as much by pointing out a beauty, as by magnifying a defect.

We must consider *Mr. Harwood's Dennis* as a model, deserving the study of every comedian. At present we shall only recommend to notice, his *play*, while *Dan* recounts his adventure with the bailiffs.

Mr. Hogg has improved each night in his representation of *Job*. We have never seen this gentleman exhibit so decided a proof of strong talents, as in his conception and manner of portraying this charming character; we hope that he will justly appreciate his powers, and never appear before an audience except as the man who played *Job Thornberry*. The first and last scenes are the highest finished parts of the character, and consequently received the greatest share of the actor's, as they had done of the author's attention; bursts of applause with mingled smiles and tears, were the actors deserved re-

ward. But we recommend to *Mr. Hogg* in the intermediate scenes, the same discrimination, the same attention to the finishing touches, which have gained him so much credit in the most prominent situations.

We have spoken before of *Mr. Hallam's Dan*—it has improved upon acquaintance.

Mrs. Hallam gave to night a spirit and playfulness to *Lady Caroline*, for which the author ought to be considered her debtor.

"*All the World's a Stage*," was played in a broad, and we think, rather a slovenly manner. No more at present.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

Macbeth, Shakespeare, and the Sixty-Third Letter, Oulton. The only novelty in the tragedy, was the *Macbeth* of *Mr. Fennel*, a performance which raises him in our estimation, though before he held no middling station. So perfect in our opinion was the whole first act, that only one line of four words, appeared ill spoken, "We will speak further," which was given in a tone of indifference ill-suited to the time and subject. The soliloquy, "If it were done," was given in the style of a master: we do not remember to have heard it so perfectly spoken before. The dagger soliloquy was as well delivered, but not so well acted. The subsequent scenes we have seen played with more spirit, but never with more correctness; and occasional passages far exceeded any former exertion that we have witnessed of *Mr. Fennel's* tragic powers.

Mrs. Melmoth's Lady Macbeth has been long familiar to, and long admired by us. Why not give the well known reading, "But screw your courage to the sticking place?" The word "proper," is very far from being proper here.

The *Sixty-Third Letter* was thus cast.

Sir Wilful Positive, Mr. Johnson-Sidney, Mr. Shapter. Dolcet, Mr. Harwood. Patrick Casey, Mr. Tyler-Sharp, Mr. Hogg. Miss Metaphor, Mrs. Melmoth. Lydia, Miss Hogg-Patty, Mrs. Seymour.

The plot of this very pleasant little piece is briefly this. *Sir Wilful Positive* has entered into an engagement with his ward *Lydia*, that he will not force her inclinations in respect to matrimony, provided she will not marry without his consent, and reads to him all letters she may receive on the subject of love. He however wishes her to marry a *Mr. Beverly* whom he has never seen, and

she wishes to marry *Sidney*, whom she has seen. *Sidney* having met with *Beverly* and gained his assent to his assuming his name to carry off the girl, informs *Lydia* of the plot by letter, which letter *Lydia* in conformity to agreement determines to read to her guardian. In the meantime *Miss Metaphor*, a female scribbler, hearing of *Beverly's* intended visit to her brother *Sir Wilful*, sends him an anonymous letter, representing the young man as subject to fits of insanity. This produces many whimsical incidents, and among these, the old gentleman in his anxiety to amuse the young man insists upon *Lydia's* reading to him a letter which he supposes to be part of *Miss Metaphor's* novel but which in reality is *Sidney's* disclosure of his plot;—the old man deceives himself, and aids unwittingly in the union of the lovers. The title of the piece is derived from a second plot. *Miss Metaphor* having dropt the *sixty-third* letter of her novel, it is found by *Sir Wilful*, who determining to puzzle the authoress, tears off the direction or address on the top, which was to Mr. Fitzpatrick, and throws the letter out of the window. It happens that in tearing the paper, part of the name is left, viz. "patrick" and it falls upon the head of *Patrick Casey*, formerly *Sir Wilful's* servant, who is waiting in hopes of seeing *Patty* the chambermaid. The letter contains a plot whereby the lover of the novel was to gain admittance into the castle of the inexorable guardian, by means of a hamper of pretended wine, and simple *Pat* supposing all this intended as an artifice suggested by love of his beauty, adopts the plan and puts it into execution, to the great promotion of that promoter of health, laughter. Another very prominent figure, in this pleasant groupe of caricatures, is *Dulcet*, a servant lately taken into *Sir Wilful's* service, whose excessive love of music and attachment to ballads occasions a number of whimsical equivokes of truly comic situations.

We never saw a dramatic piece so apparently perfect on a first representation, as the *Sixty-Third Letter*, and never witnessed more applause and mirth. Of the merits of the performers we defer our opinion until after a second representation.—Only this by way of query—Would not *Mr. Tyler* give more effect to *Patrick*, by assuming the manner and dress of low comedy?

It is rumored that a gentleman of much promise, but new to the boards, is soon to make his appearance as *Osmond*, in the *Castle Spectre*; we shall be happy to hail rising genius, and to see an actor of merit progressing to eminence, under the patronage of a liberal and enlightened public.

The success of the theatre is a source of congratulation to the friends of merit and talents, and we doubt not but a continuation of the exertion to please, will ensure a continuation of that favor which has so distinguishedly crowned the opening of the present season.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE

Married,

On Saturday evening, *Mr. Samuel A. Laurence*, merchant, to *Miss Catherine Remsen*, daughter of *Mr. John Remsen*.

On Thursday evening last, *Mr. John Bonsall, jun.* to *Miss Ann Hick*, daughter of *Mr. Paul Hick*, all of this city.

At New London, *Mr. — Morgan*, of this city, to *Miss Betsey Peters* of that place.

At Philipburgh, on Sunday evening, *Mr. John Ashinwall*, to *Miss Susan Howland*, daughter of *Joseph Howland, esq.*

At Stamford, on the 24th ult. *Mr. Henry B. Cobb*, merchant, of Albany, to *Miss Polly Skelding*, of Stamford, Con.



Died,

On Sunday morning, *Christopher Banker, esq.* of this city.

On Sunday evening, *Thomas Gaston, esq.* Captain of the Republican Greens, in this city.

In Salem, *Master James Verry*, aged 12, a promising youth, whose early death is supposed to have been brought on by excessive smoking of segars!!!

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

GAINES

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

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PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,

No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, December 5,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A Drama, in 5 Acts, called, The CASTLE SPECTRE.

The part of *OSMOND*, by a Gentleman, being his first attempt.

To which will be added,

A Farce, in 2 acts, called,

The Sixty-Third Letter.

Received with great applause on its first representation.



TO A HOG,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

NEVER as yet the unjust muse
(As if by those old precepts bound
Which tie the superstitious Jews),
One line to praise a Hog has found.

Never till now, as I remember,
Has any poet sung a swine,
O, Hog! this twentieth of November,
I celebrate—the day is thine.

Three years ago thy little eyes
Peep'd on the day with optics weak;
Three years ago thy infant cries,
By mortal men were call'd a squeak.

Ev'n then the muse prophetic saw
Thy youthful days, thy latter state,
And sigh'd at the relentless law,
That doom'd thee to an early fate.

Yes, the fond muse has anxious look'd,
While thou a roaster, careless play'd'st,
Thoughtless how soon thou might'st be cook'd,
(A fine appearance then thou mad'st.

The dangers of a roasting past,
She saw thee rear'd a handsome shoat;
Saw thee a full-grown hog at last,
And heard thee grunt a deeper note.

Thy charms mature with joy she view'd
As waddling on short legs about,
Or rolling in delicious mud,
Or rooting with sagacious snout.

But thy last hour is near at hand;
Before a year, a month, a week,
Is past, 'tis Fate's severe command,
That death shall claim thy latest squeak.

And this shall be thy various doom;
Thou shalt be roasted, fry'd and boil'd,
Black puddings shall thy blood become,
Thy lifeless flesh shall pork be stil'd:

Thy ears and feet in souse shall lie;
Min'd sausage meat thy guts shall cram;
And each plump, pretty, waddling thigh,
Salted and smok'd, shall be a ham.

Yet it is fruitless to complain:
"Death cuts down all, both great and small;"
And hope and fear alike are vain,
To those who by his stroke must fall,

Full many a hero, young and brave,
Like thee, O Hog! resign'd his breath;
The noble presents nature gave,
Form'd but a surer mark of death.

Achilles met an early doom;
Euryalus and Nisus, young
Were slain; but honor'd was their tomb;
That, Homer, these, sweet Maro sung.

On the rude cliffs of proud Quebec,
In glory's arm Montgomery dy'd;
And Freedom's genius loves to deck
His early grave with verdant pride.

Nor shall thou want a sprig of bays
To crown thy name. When set agog,
The muse shall tune eccentric lays,
And, pleas'd, IMMORTALIZE A HOG.

A CARICATURE.

Rui capi ille fecit.

SOME fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
You always do too little or too much;
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes thro' the brain;
You talk at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now it's night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with ven'son, and he chooses fish;
With snail—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him, vain on ev'ry plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes you little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teas'd,
His only pleasure is—to be displeas'd.

LINES SENT TO A LOVER WITH A PIECE OF
BRIDE-CAKE.

WHEN, all-expectant, on your bed,
The cake is plac'd beneath your head,
Drawn thro' the magic Ring,
Adorn'd in more than tenfold charms,
May the wish'd Vision bless your arms,
And ev'ry transport bring.

To awe with rapture-chilling fear,
May no stern parent then appear,
Each tenderer plea above;
But all, as when from ADAM's side
Awoke the heav'n-presented bride,
Be elegance and love!

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe,
elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the addi-
tional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert
and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums,
Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment
of Music for different instruments by the most favorite
composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, etc.:—
A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our
Sachem, long may he live."
Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new
Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most
fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and
Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks,
Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-
baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on
the lowest terms.



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Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-
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and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
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Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburn; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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